

A NEW

2

BOOK

SONGS.

Song in a New OPERA, call'd the

Jovial Crew.



LONDON

Printed for, and Sold by J. DILLOW, near the
West End of St. Paul's. 1731.

[2] A New Book of Songs.

Song I. Tune, every Man takes his
Glass in his Hand, &c.

TO day let us never be slaves,
Not the fate of to-morrow

Old wizards & gypsies are knaves
And the Devil we know is a liar.
Then drink off a bumper whilst you

We'll laugh and we'll sing
tho' our Hairs are grey;
He's a fool and an ass
that will bank his glass
For fear of another day.

2. Tune, Arthur a Bland.

In Nottinghamshire,
Let 'em boast of their beer;
With a hey down and a down
I'll sing in the praise of good
Old sack and old sherry
Will make your heart merry
Without e'er a Rag to your back.
Then cast away care
Bid adieu to despair
With a down, &c.
like fools our sorrows we make
In spite of dull thinking
while sack we are drinking,
Our hearts are too busy to ach.

3. Tune, Three merry men of Kent.
And he that will not merry mery be
with a pretty Lass in bed
I wish he was in our Church-yard
with a tomb stone over his head
He if he cou'd to merry there
we so be merry here
For who does know were we shall go
Brave boys, to be merry another Year

4. Tune, Dame of Honour.

Tho' all are discontented grown
And fain would change conditions
The courtier envies now the clown
The clown turns Politician
Ambition still is void of wit
And makes a woful figure
For none of 'em all e'er envy'd yet
The Life of a jovial beggar
The man that hourly wracks his brain
To encrease his useles store
Still dreads a fall and lives in pain
while we can fall no lower
The game of rich attire that brags
wou'd willingly unrig her
Did she but know the joys of rage
and the life of a jovial beggar.

The Mill goes round.

We'll fill our hearts with the
best of our cheer
Our Spirits we'll raise with his ho-
nours strong beer
All sinners to hope and regardless
of fear
We'll make this the merriest night
of the year
Now sorrow nor pain amongst us
shall be found
To our masters good health shall
the cup be crown'd
Thus long he may live & in wealth
abound
Shall be e'ery man's wish while the
bowl goes round
Our wants we can't help nor our
poverty cure
To-morrow maynt come of to-nite
we'll make sure
We'll

We'll laugh and lie down altho we be poor
Tune, Nymphs and Sylvian Gods.
 How sweet is the evening air

And our love shall remain tho the wolf's at the door
 when the lasses all prepare
 So neat and so clean

Then brisk and smart shall our To trip it o'er the Green
 And meet with their sweet-hearts

With antick measures we'll beat the ground
 While the pale liss

To pleasure our master in duty disguises her face
 are bound to squeak at a masquerade.

We'll dance till we'er lame, and Where the proudest prude
 drink till we'er sound may be subdu'd

And when she cries you're rude
 You may conclude

6. In the pleasant month of May. She will not die a maid
 In the charming month of may
 when the pretty little birds be-

gin to sing
Tune, Gilderoy.
 She was not coy

What a shame at home to stay
 Nor enjoy the smiling spring
 She would laugh and toy

While the bear that look forlorn,
 Tho she's not so nobly born
 Y'er preserv'd her virgin fame

with her rags all patcht and torn
 She was her Fathers only joy
 And ev'ry shepherds flame

while she dances and sings with
 Tho many strove
 Yet none could move

the merry men and maids
 In her smiling eyes you may trace
 Till Strephon young and gay

and in her innocent chearful face
 Inspir'd her soul with virtuous
 And stole her heart away [love

Tho she's poor may be
 more happy than she
 That fight in her rich brocades.

Tune, There lives a lass up n' d'c.
 At night by moonlight on plain
 with raptures how I've seen

7. Masquerade Minuet.
 See how the lambs are sporting
 Attended by the harmles train
 The little fairy Queen

Hear how the warbler sing
 Her midnight revels sweetly keep
 while mortals are involnd in sleep

See how the doves are courting
 They trip it o'er the Green
 And where they danc'd their

All nature hails the spring
 Beggars alone are free
 chearful round

Let us embrace the blessing
 Free from employment
 the morning would disclose

Beggars alone are free
 Their lies his enjoyment
 For where their nimble feet do

Free from employment
 beyond expressing
 bound

Happy they wander
 And happy sleep under
 Each flower unbidden grows

the Greenwood Tree.
 The daily fair as maids in may

The cowslip in his gold array eye
and blushing Violet Rose And joys superior drown the nite

Jolly Roger Toingilla. *Still I turn'd my Wheel about.*

The mind of a woman can never We beg, but in a higher strain
be known than sordid slaves who beg for

You never can guess it aright gain
I'll tell you the reason, she knows No paltry gold nor gems we want

not a crown
In changes so often e'er night we beg what you alone can grant
No lofty Titles no renown

I would puffel Apollo but something grater than a crown
her whimsies to follow We beg our wealth or liberty

His Oracle would be a jest We beg your humble slaves to be
She'll frown when she's kind we beg your snowy hands to kiss

then quick-y you'll find or lips if you'd vouch safe the bliss
she'll change like the wind and if our faithful vows unmove

and often abuse what gods might envy us in love
the man that chuses The boon we beg if you deny

And what she refuses likes best. our fates decreed we pine and die
For life we beg for life implore

Tune, The British Dagger of the poorest wretch can beg no more
Thing-on.

What tho' the lov'd this young *Tune, Yellow hair'd Laddie.*
man well Abroad we must wander to hear

the never would be his bride the birds sing
Till a while he agreed to dwell to enjoy the fresh air and charm

With her by the Greenwood side of the Spring
And he that lives by the Green- we'll beg for our Bread, that if

wood side the Night's raw
Where joy and pleasures spring we'll keep ourselves warm on a

May laugh at the Courtiers pain bed of clean straw
ful pride

Nor envy the state of a King. How blest is the beggar, who
takes the fresh air,

Tune, The garb he over is best Tho' hard is his Lodging and
How few, like you, would dare ad- coarse is his rare

vise Confinement is hateful
to trust the towns deluding arts And pleasure destroys

Where love in daily ambush lies 'Tis freedom alone is the parent
and triumphs over credulous hearts of joys

How few, like us would thus deny *Tune, To ye fair Ladies now at hand.*
to indulge the tempting dear de- To you dear father and our home

light we bid a short adieu
where daily pleasures charm the the

The tempting frolick has o'ercome
By force of being new
But let not that your patience vex
For, dear Pappa, you know our fix
With a *fat la,*

No: hope, good fir, to spare your
cost,

Nor think our fortune paid
No woman yet was e'er loſt
to ſomerſet & ſhe's miſſaid
For when ſhe ſhall return to pain
Before we ſhall come home again
with a fal

Type, Let Burgundy flow.

Let Pleasure go round
Let us laugh and sing
Let us laugh and sing boys
Let honour be un
And Joy fill the day
If sorrow intrude
Drive it out again
Drive it on again boys
If by Grief we're purlo'd
Let us drink them away
The Pleasures of wine
Make a mortal divin

No Power, or Art
 Can such virtue impart
 For raising the spirit and cheering

Tune, Ten a Dean
There was an old fellow at Wall-
ham cross,
Who merrily sang when he lived
by the cross
He cheer'd up his heart when goods
went to rack
With a hem, boys, them and a cup
of good sack

New for the Coder.

I once was a poet in London
 I keep my heart still full of fire
 there's no man can say that i'm un-
 done
 For being is no new trade to me

I was once an Attorney at Law,
And after a Knight of the post
Give me a brisk wench in clean
And I value not who will the
Make room for a Soldier in his
Who valiantly fluted on
till he fancied the Peace broken off
And then he most wisely forsook

Here comes a Courtier p-lice fir
who flatter'd my Lord to his Face
Now railing is all his delight fir,
because he miss'd getting a place
I si I am a merry Gun-Screper
My heart never yet felt a qualm
tho' poor i can frolic and caper
And sing any tune but a Pain

I was a fanatical Preacher
Turn'd up my eyes when I pray'd
But my hearers had had starved their
teacher,
For they believed not one word he
laid

Who e'er would be merry and free
Let him list, and from us he may
In Palace who shall you see,
Ha'f so happy as we in a barn.
What

Tune, Te beaux of pleasure

Dear noble squire,
I fear this fire
would soon expire

E'er morning come,
So hard a Lodging
You would be grudging
And soon be trudging
to look for home

Till we're consenting,
there's no Relenting
there's no Repenting
shall let you free,

A lazy Rover
that gives it over
May be a Lover

but none for me.

Peggy of Wandsworth.

No woman envy can smother,
tho' never so vain of her charms
If beauty she sees in another,
the pride of her heart it alarms.
New conquests she must be making
Of fancies her power grown lets
Her poor heart still is aking
At sight of another's success
but Nature design'd
that different beautie shou'd move

Still pleas'd to ordain

None ever should Reign

Soe monarch in empire or love

then learn to be wise

New triumphs despise

And leave to neighbours their due

If one cannot please

You'll find by degrees

You'll not be content with two

Wale, wale, on yon bank,

O may your mistress ne'er deny
the suit which humbly move

And may the fairest virgin yye
And be ambitious of your Love,
If Honour lead

May you succeed

py Love inspir'd

with Conquest crown'd

And when you wed

Your bridal bed (abound
with wealth and endless Joys

There was a pretty Lass

Come hither pretty maid

with a black rolling Eye

what a Look was there

Does all my senses charm

Come hither pretty dear

For I swear I long to try

A little little Love

which will do thee no harm

That air, that grace

that lovely milk white skin,

which shall I embrace

For if I stay

I both of them must woe

I had better run away,

than deal at once two.

As down in a meadow

Can nothing stir move your

Our sorrows to mend

Have you nothing to give

Have you nothing to lend

You see the sad Fate

we poor damsels endure

Can't charity move you

To grant us a Cure

My heart does so heave
I'm afraid it will break
Of Victuals we've scarce
Had a morsel this week
How hard is your heart
How unkind is your Eye
If nothing can move you
Good fir to comply.

One Evening as I lay
Fair maidens O beware
Of using Men too well
their pride is all their care
they only Kiss to tell
How hard is the Virgins fate
while every way undone
the coy grow out of date
they're ruin'd, if they're won

I'll tell you a Story
O turn your Eyes on me
And view my distress
Did you know my hard fate
You would pity my case
Such a kind hearted gentleman
Sure would grant
to a tender young Virgin
what e'er she did want

One Sunday after Mass,
One Evening on the grass
while no one did pass
Lay Strephon and his Daff
All alone, all alone
He kiss'd and carress'd
the fair one he prest
Hard, hard to his breast

[7]
O hone, O hone, O hone
He lookt in her Eyes
He saw her Neck rise
Ah who can be wise

All alone, &c.
Till at honours alarms
the springs from his arms
And veils all her charms

O hone, &c.
It grew past a Jest
she cry'd fetch the priest
I'll grant you your Request

All alone, &c.
In doubt to comply
she bad him good bye
And left to cry
Oh hone, &c.

Which no body can deny
that all men are beggars
You plainly see
For beggars there are
Of every degree
tho' none are so blest
Or so happy as we

Which no body can deny.
the tradesman he begs that
his wares you would buy
then begs you'd believe
the Price is not high
And swears 'tis his trade
when he tells you a lie

which no body, &c.
The Lawyer he begs
You would give him a fee

The

Tho' he reads not your brief
and regards not your plea
The adviser you see
How to get a decree

The Courtier he begs
For a pension or place
A ribbon or title
A smile from his grace
'Tis due to his merit,
Is writ in his face.

But if my nephew,
He shou'd chance to get none
He begs you'd believe
That the Nations undone
There's but one honest man
And himself is that one.

The fair one, who labours
whole Mornings at home
New charms to create
And much pain to consume
Yet begs you'd believe
'Tis her natural Bloom.

The Lover, he begs
The dear Nymph to comply
She begs he'd be gone
But her languishing eye

Still begs he would stay
For a Maid she can't dye,
Which none but a fool would say,
Tune, Under the Greenwood Tree.

To all a Parent's Doubts & Fears
For ever now adieu,
Away, at once with anxious care
Let's day Mirth pursue
Our Joys at last,
Pay all that's past.

Nor would we again be free;
Frolics and frolics,
Under the Greenwood Tree.
Now, now, &c.
Our dancing Days are done,
For now we must obey,
Our Joys of Life are but begun,
For Each, by Turn, shall sway!

Be you but kind,
Your Heart shall find
A constant Mate in me.
Then, then we will chaunt it,
Reverend song is,
Under the Greenwood Tree.
Be you but true,
As I to you,

Our Joys no End shall see
O how we will glee
Capel, and jerk it,
Under the Greenwood Tree.



F I N I S